Fire Emblem Awakening - A Leader's Story

Story: Fire Emblem Awakening - A Leader's Story
Storylink: https://www.fanfiction.net/s/11144864/1/
Category: Fire Emblem
Genre: Fantasy/Adventure
Author: Blooztah
Authorlink: https://www.fanfiction.net/u/5611231/
Last updated: 04/01/2015
Words: 3749
Rating: T
Status: In Progress
Content: Chapter 1 to 2 of 2 chapters
Source: FanFiction.net

Summary: A tactician awakens in a field. Moderate AU, with some divergence from the normal story arc. I am intending to focus more on the relationship aspects between all of the cast. In other words, the characters will become as interconnected with each other as I feel they should be, as the storyline of the game never really seemed to show these 'invisible ties' well enough.

Chapter 1: Prologue

Welcome to yet another AU of Fire Emblem Awakening.

I realise that this has been done hundreds of times before, but ah well.

Criticisms, Comments and Favourites are always nice.

And as always, Nintendo owns all the source material.

There are flashes in your mind, barely determinable from the blankness of slumber.

A tall, dark man standing in front of a broken altar, light massing around his outstretched hand.

A cobalt-haired youth running the man through with a radiant sword.

The same youth smiling at you.

The same youth with your sword embedded in his chest. Falling. His blood smeared on the altar. A dusky laugh, coming from your own mouth.

Darkness.

And light.

ROBIN

Grass is tickling the back of your neck. Why are you lying on the ground? Just before you open your eyes, you sense a shadow pass over the closed lids. You refrain from opening them.

"We need to do something! We can't just leave him here!"

Definitely female. Sounds pretty young also.

"So what do you propose we do?"

Male this time. Sounds a bit older.

"I dunno, you're meant to be in char…" she trails off, because you decide to open your eyes now. The sunlight is almost blinding, but you can make out two figures. When your eyes refocus, you perceive a young man with striking blue hair, next to a young woman *(almost a girl)* with long blonde hair pulled up into bunches on either side of her head, which cascade down to her shoulders. She smiles at you.

"Hi there!"

Her voice harmonises well with the birdsong you can suddenly hear in the background. In fact, the entire world seems a cacophony of noise, emanating from all manner of sources. Nature does love to mess around when you have a headache.

The man grins similarly, a twinkle in his eye. He seems familiar.

"There are better places to take a nap than on the ground, you know." He chuckles at you, offering you his hand.

"Tell me about it," you groan. Speech is an odd sensation. You feel as if you haven't opened your mouth in a long time. You take the proffered hand and pull yourself up, noting a purple sigil on the back of your hand and coming face to face with the man. You're slightly shorter than him, and where he is muscular you are lithe. His eyes *(the same colour as his hair)* study you intently. You unintentionally take a small step back. He cocks his head at you.

"Are you alright?"

"Yes… thanks, Chrom."

He barely flinches. "Ah, you know who I am then."

"Uh, actually I don't. Your name just came to me…" You trail off. You still feel rather groggy.

"Hm. Tell me, what's your name? What brings you here?" He's lost the questioning look he wore with your apparent divination of his name, and is again amiable.

You open your mouth to reply, but the words you must have used thousands of times before fail to come. "Uh…" You frantically rack your brain, but no name appears. In fact, not much in terms of memories appears at all.

"You don't know your own name?" Chrom looks more bemused than anything suspicious now.

You start stuttering. You're receiving weird looks, especially from the third member of this group who has gone unnoticed to you until now. He towers over the other two, with turquoise armour which puts Chrom's simple shoulder guard to shame, and mousy brown hair which contrasts the piercing gaze emanating from his green eyes. He glowers at you.

The girl pipes up. "Hey, I've heard of this! It's called amnesia!" She grins at the other two, obviously expecting praise for providing an answer to the situation. She receives none.

"It's called a load of pegasus dung, Lissa," the tall one comments. His voice is nowhere near as edged as his figure would suggest, and yet he still manages to sound like a drill sergeant. *(When have you ever had a sergeant?)* "We're to believe this man remembers milord's name, but not his own?" He scowls even harder at you. It's only now you notice the lance strapped to his back, its point gleaming in the sunlight. You blanch at how easily he could run you through with that, unarmed as you are. You then notice his glance fall to your left hip. *(Oh.)* You have a sword. Still, he'd probably decimate you.

"B-but it's the truth!" you manage to blurt out. The man in the armour looks unimpressed.

"But what if it *is* true, Frederick?" Chrom turns to the man behind him. "We can't leave him here, alone and confused." You shoot a quick smile of gratitude at Chrom, but he ignores you. "What sort of Shepherds would we be then?" You can almost hear him pronounce the capital.

"Just the same milord, I must emphasise caution." Frederick has not taken his eyes off you at any time. The whole way he stood gave off a 'just try it and see what happens' air. "It would not do to let a wolf into our flock."

Chrom nods at Frederick and then gives you another glance. He seems to deliberate for a moment, and then come to a conclusion.

"Right then – we'll take him back to town and sort this out there." The finality of his tone worries you.

"Wait just one moment!" you exclaim, "Do I have a say in this?"

Frederick opens his mouth to issue a definite negative, but Chrom gets in first.

"Peace, friend – I promise we'll hear all you have to say back in town. Now come."

You walk in stony silence. Lissa keeps attempting to sidle up to you and spark a conversation, but any time she inches towards you, Frederick gives her a disapproving look which sends her scuttling back to Chrom's side.

Now that you think about it, Lissa seems really out of place in your motley crew of supervisors. Chrom and Frederick are evidently accustomed to fighting, what with their armour and weapons, yet Lissa is simply wearing a yellow dress with some cage implement underneath to keep it out from under her feet, making her resemble a rather foppish spinning top.

Perhaps she's Frederick's sister? It would explain the over-protectiveness.

You get bored rather fast, and decide to catch up with Chrom who's striding ahead, ignoring the icy glare from Frederick.

"What will you do with me? Am I your prisoner?" You begin, trying to sound conversational but coming out rude more than anything else. Chrom simply chuckles:

"Hah! You'll be free to go once we establish you're no enemy of Ylisse."

The name is unknown to you, as is pretty much everything else. "Is that where we are? Ylisse?"

Frederick guffaws from over your shoulder. A man in that amount of armour should not be that stealthy.

"You've never heard of the Halidom? Ha! Someone pay this actor, he plays quite the fool! The furrowed brow is especially convincing…"

Chrom rolls his eyes. "Frederick, please." He turns to you with an apologetic look. "This land is known as the Halidom of Ylisse. Our ruler, Emmeryn, holds the title of Exalt." You nod. He continues, "I suppose proper introductions are in order… my name is Chrom – but then, you already knew that. This is my sister, Lissa." She beams at you.

"Chrom probably should have done this earlier. He's a bit thick sometimes." Chrom chuckles. "But it's lucky that the Shepherds found you. Brigands would've been a rude awakening!"

"You tend sheep? In full armour?" You inquire.

Chrom smiles. "It's a dangerous job. Just ask Frederick the Wary here."

Frederick nods. "A title I shall wear with pride. Gods forbid one of us keeps an appropriate level of caution. I have every wish to trust you, stranger, but my station mandates otherwise,"

You suddenly feel a lot less irritated by Frederick. "I understand, sir. I would do no less myself." *(Would I though? Amnesia really makes you doubt yourself.)*

Suddenly you open your mouth without consultation from your brain, and blurt out:

"My name is Robin. Wait. Uh... I just remembered that. How odd. I suppose that's one mystery solved." You try a grin, but only Lissa returns it. Chrom and Frederick are sharing a glance. Frederick almost imperceptibly shakes his head. Chrom turns back to you.

"Is that foreign? Ah well. We can discuss it later. We're almost to town. Once we-"

Lissa, suddenly screams. "Chrom look! The town!"

You turn to where she's pointing, and survey the scene over the crest of the hill you have just climbed. It seemed a rather idyllic town, with a small collection of houses, and what looked like a market with a small church at the end. In fact, rather perfect if you ignored the flames spreading across the thatched rooftops.

"Damn it! Those blasted brigands, no doubt…" Chrom's face has suddenly lost its smile, the twinkle in his eye replaced with coldness. "Been chasing them for days. Frederick, Lissa! Quickly!" He starts running down the hill.

Frederick hesitates slightly. "What about him?" he calls after Chrom, indicating you.

"Unless he's on fire as well, he can wait!" Chrom yells back over his shoulder.

Frederick smiles slightly – a first from him you think, and starts running after Chrom, Lissa on his heels. "Aptly put, milord."

Suddenly, you're alone on the hilltop. Quickly, you survey the town below. Already you've counted at least six figures carrying torches running about. Your new acquaintances would be definitively outnumbered. After a moment's deliberation, you sprint after them.

Author's Notes:

I realise second person narrative is slightly odd, but I enjoy writing in this style.

However, I am intending for the perspective to shift between characters, so to alleviate the confusion from this, the name of the character will be bolded at the start of every passage.

Enjoy!

Chapter 2: Chapter 1

Author's Notes at end.

ROBIN

You hurry down the hill as fast as you can go without tripping over the tufts of grass that sprout at random angles from the worn path, all while trying to process the scene in front of you. Even at this distance (at most two hundred yards, you calculate) you can already see that out of the six armed figures running throughout the small town, two are barely out of their adolescent years, holding comically oversized axes and looking more interested in the food at the hastily abandoned market than actually menacing the populace. They're probably just farmhands who were roped in on the promise of making some money to provide for their families, a fact which is backed up by their almost complete lack of armour.
Conversely, the three others in the town centre look much more battle hardened and better equipped. Two heavily armoured, axe-wielding brutes flank the presumed leader of the group, a monolith of a man brandishing a massive claymore in just one hand, and clad in full plate armour, with all three systematically moving along the main street of the town, torching every building and market stall, driving a small group of townsfolk ahead of them.

However, you spot a lone figure striding through the maze of alleys that broke off from the thoroughfare. Frankly, he appears a much more dangerous individual than the other bandits, as he is lightly armoured and carries a thin rapier, denoted a warrior skilled with the blade. He also seems to be rather opposed to the idea of banditry, instead opting to just wander, ignoring the few villagers pressing their faces up to their windows.

"I'll take the lone one!" You yell down to Chrom, who has slowed at the bottom of the hill to allow Lissa to catch up. "You and Frederick take the large group!"

Frederick raises an eyebrow at your authoritative voice, but Chrom nods.

"As long as you're good with that," he gestures to the shortsword hanging at your hip. "Lissa, go with him. Keep him patched up."

"Right." Lissa's normally cheerful face has become cold and expressionless. She has also managed to bring a healing staff out of almost thin air. Now that you think about it, she's had it strapped to her back for the entire journey. However your eyes were always more trained on the huge, silver-tipped lance in a similar position on Frederick's back. Such a huge weapon seems out of place on infantry, more suited for a member of a cavalry regiment, but the way Frederick was now holding it gave off the impression that he was just as deadly off of a horse as he was on one.

"We'll meet you at the marketplace then," you quip, flashing Frederick a winning smile, but the knight simply rolls his eyes. Before he can say anything in response, you jog into the nearest alleyway, Lissa hurrying along behind you. You just glimpse Chrom running into the high street, sword drawn with Frederick just behind him.

ROBIN

As soon as you step into the shade of the alleyway, you task seems infinitely harder. While you had been stood on the hill, the town had been laid out below you like a map, but now at ground level you were struggling to picture the layout you had had in your mind. Although you know that you could probably find where you had spotted the lone bandit in this myriad of streets, it would take you a couple of minutes and by then he could have moved on in any direction. Suddenly the idea that you could walk into an ambush seems all the more prevalent, and you draw your sword.

However Lissa seems to have a much better idea of where she's going.

"If we cut down here," she grabs your free arm and pulls you left, "we'll come out at the nearest crossroads to where the man was. Even if he's not there, it's a relatively major junction of pathways, so we can make a decision from there."

"Been here before, have you?" you chuckle, and Lissa flashes a quirky smile in return.

"Maybe."

The sporadic bursts of light that flood into the alley from the gaps between buildings are enough to survey both the surroundings and your weapon. The streets all seemed wide enough to have enough room to fight, and were adequately lit to the state where it would be incredibly difficult to conceal yourself in a corner. Although the environment is good, your previous self's choice of weaponry is not. A simple bronze shortsword, probably only the next step up from the wooden

practice swords used in drills. (*Seriously, where are you getting all of these army metaphors from?*) Given the fact that you're only carrying this piece of junk, you would have to guess that you were never really one for the sword, although your muscles feel like they're at least accustomed to holding a weapon.

You reach the crossroads, finding it devoid of any bandits. However, there is an older man slumped against one of the walls, clutching his right shoulder with a pained expression on his face; with what you can only assume was his axe lying in two pieces, the wooden haft cleanly snapped in two.

"He's good," the old man calls out to you, "beat me in about a minute. Was my father's old axe too…" He looks more distressed about the destruction of his axe than his pain, but you decide to play it safe.

"Lissa, get him inside a house, and fix him up." You know that broken bones are normally pretty simple to patch up with healing magic, as long as there wasn't any internal bleeding. As the man is being helped up by Lissa, he points with his free arm down the street to your right.

"That way goes towards the main square, and it's also the way the bastard trotted off after 'e did this to me. Bloody show-off kids."

You chuckle at the man's demeanour, and thank him before jogging down the road he had indicated.

After running for about a minute, you come to a canal which seems to bisect the town from the South, and looking along it you spot that all the buildings adjacent to it have small jetties that protrude over the water. However, you're more interested in the small bridge which seems to serve as the sole method of crossing the waterway in this section of the town. As you reach the crest of the bridge, you spot that at the far end of the street, one of the burning buildings has collapsed into the road, preventing any passage into the marketplace from the docks. And just now walking away from this blockage and at the other end of the bridge was your missing bandit. Dark hair framed a face that looks very different to the Ylisseans, or even the rest of the bandits. He was more than likely a mercenary operating alone, just roped into this raid.

Quite evidently he needs to cross the bridge if he wishes to go anywhere, as the sole exit out of the alleyway on that side is blocked. He notices this also, so when you plant your feet squarely in what you can only hope is a proper fighting stance, he smirks at you.

"How cute."

In turn he raises his sword and ascends the bridge towards you. He stops at about six feet away, and adopts a stance similar to yours – a defensive one.

"Come one then. Bring your farm or whatever glory, why don't you?"

You're unsure as to why he's being so offhand about you, as he doesn't look that experienced. He couldn't be any older than Chrom or yourself. (*Actually, what do you even look like? Stupid memory loss.*)

You flash a sarcastic smile of your own in return.

"I'm not going anywhere. I'm not the one who has to cross this bridge."

The bandit rolls his eyes and sighs, lowering his sword.

"Seriously? Were all Ylisseans this stubborn? Ah well."

He approaches, still with his sword lowered, putting you on edge. You step towards him in return, thinking perhaps he's going to give himself up.

Then he kicks you in the knee.

Your leg spasms and you drop to the ground, but your muscles kick in, and you bring your sword up above your head to block his downward strike with the pommel of his sword that would have cleanly shattered your shoulder. Apparently this is a favoured tactic of his. However, the knowledge that he isn't striking to kill is useful, and with this information you sweep your legs around towards his in a move that any normal soldier would stop by simply slashing downwards and taking off your feet. Instead he hops backwards, giving you enough time to scramble to your feet. You test your knee, which twinges painfully, but holds.

He approaches again, striking at your left side. However, because he shifted from a two-handed to one handed grip while approaching, you anticipate the punch that he throws with his left hand, instead moving to meet his sword and

force him back, with his punch sailing over your shoulder. Evidently this man had spent a long while working on more than just fencing, as the unorthodox strikes he worked in were perhaps the most deadly parts of his arsenal, as none of his sword movements had troubled you yet.

You press in close after his last attack, and try ones of his tricks; as you press down on his sword with your own, taking advantage of the fact that he was only holding his in one hand and you had the weight of both, you bring your knee up, catching him in the stomach. This staggers him, and he backs away, reappraising you.

He moves in again, and you parry both of the blows he aims at your left. Suddenly he lets go of his sword with his right hand, and grabs you're the wrist on your sword arm with his free hand, wrenching back towards him, causing you to overbalance and fall face-first to the ground to his side, your sword skittering down the bridge into the street. As you roll away from him, onto your back, he starts to jog down the street in the direction you came from.

"So long!" he calls back over his shoulder.

In desperation, your hand reflexively falls to the left side of your coat, and you pull out a ratty, old spellbook. (*Are you a mage? This information would have been nice at the beginning of this fight, thanks brain.*) You can't remember the words for any spells instinctively however, so you flip the book open to the first page, and spot a simple one word spell.

You flick you hand out, pointing at the back of the retreating bandit, and yell "*Fulmen*!"

A spark dances along your outstretched finger and flies out, hitting the man in the back of his thigh, causing a paroxysm of contractions in his leg muscles. Staggering about, his sword drops to the cobbles, and he remains unable to regain his balance. Finally he comes to a stop by colliding with the low wall of the bridge, and collapses. You take this opportunity to spring to your feet, sweeping up the man's sword as you do. As you approach him in what you hope is a menacing way, he panics, muttering to himself:

"I can't mess it up…"

And with that, he drags himself up, and pitches himself over the wall of the bridge into the river below before you even have opportunity to grab at him. You rush to the bridge wall and peer over, but he's already disappeared.

"Damn."

Author's Notes:

This second chapter was written a long time after the first, therefore the style may seem different.

If you spot any inconsistencies with the 2nd person, present tense form, please point them out. It's still a learning experience for me.

Enjoy!